

# HEROIC RESCUES! THRILLING ESCAPES!

Stories of Splendid Bravery, Great Suffering, Despair and Awful Deaths That Distinguish This Fire Above All Others That Have Occurred in New York.

## JUST A HERO WAS THIS FIREMAN.

Walls Crashed About Him, but He Never Faltered.

FEARLESS IN HIS PERIL.

Shrouded in Dust of Crumbling Walls, It Seemed a Miracle He Was Not Crushed.

As an example of cool heroism not inspired by the hope of saving life or the prospect of applause there was nothing at the fire to equal what a lone fireman did on the roof of the building two doors east of the Windsor in Forty-sixth street. There were many firemen on the roofs of the houses adjoining this one and many lines of hose were dangling from the cornices. It was a great vantage point from which to fight the fire.

This lone fireman was on the roof, leaning over the coping just between the first and second houses east of the burning hotel. The front and side walls were gone, and he was clearly visible to the great crowd gathered in Forty-sixth street, although much of the rear wall of the hotel was standing. They saw him leaning far out over the street, hauling up hand over hand a rope to which was attached a line of hose.

Without warning, the rear wall of the hotel fell to the eastward. There was a cloud of dust and smoke, a towering sheet of flame, and the lone hero was blotted from sight. A great groan went up from the crowd. It seemed a certainty that he had been caught in the falling mass of bricks and crushed to death.

By degrees the curtain of smoke and dust lifted, disclosing to the view of the spectators a gaping hole where the roof of the building east of the hotel had been. And right on the edge of the hole, still hauling steadily, hand over hand, at his rope was the lone fireman.

The nozzle of the hose, which had been two stories higher when the crash came, was almost in his grasp. It was plain to be seen that the sight of the wall falling toward him had not deterred him in his steady hauling away at the line, although several buildings away firemen could be seen scrambling back from positions of safety they had sought.

"Who is he?" asked an excited citizen of a fireman who was standing in Forty-sixth street, hearing commands to the men on the roof and cursing them with all the vehemence of his vocabulary.

"I—I," he exclaimed. "I don't know."

## SOUGHT HER BROTHER IN VAIN FOR HOURS.

Just after the walls of the old annex on the Forty-seventh street side had fallen a stout woman, richly gowned, rushed up to the policemen in front of Helen Gould's home and asked for news of Mr. Higbee, who is a retired army officer, and was ill in his room at the hotel. She said that she was Mr. Higbee's sister, that she had been downtown shopping and had heard nothing of him until a few moments before when she was stopped at the fire lines at Forty-eighth street and Fifth avenue.

One of the women servants of the hotel volunteered the information that Mr. Higbee was at the residence of Mr. J. B. Haggin, injured, but not beyond recovery. The woman hastened to Mr. Haggin's residence but could not identify her brother in the man who was lying there, and who was, as a matter of fact, Mr. A. Keogh.

The woman was brave in spite of her terrible disappointment. A policeman volunteered to accompany her to the hospitals to look for her brother. He secured permission from a superior, and they started on their search. Mr. Higbee was found later at No. 47 Irving place, the house of a friend. He had been rescued, uninjured, by Policeman McGinty.

## WOMAN LAY CRUSHED, HER COSTLY GOWN AFIRE.

Dr. Gregory Cole, a young ambulance surgeon from Roosevelt Hospital, had made his way through the dense crowd, followed by three trained nurses he had brought with him from the hospital. Smoke and flame were pouring out of the hotel windows.

They walked in single file along the Forty-seventh street side, when a piece of burning timber fell from an upper story of the building. It just grazed Dr. Cole's shoulder and dropped at his feet. The flame brushed his hand, scorching it. The doctor and nurses halted and then stepped over closer to the building. As they did so, Miss Peterson, one of the nurses, discovered a woman clad in a beautiful gown, lying on the pavement in the arched way fifteen feet below the level of the street. A piece of heavy burning timber was blazing near her head. Miss Peterson called to Dr. Cole. The young surgeon quickly climbed down the ladder into the arched way.

The young woman's body lay in a pool of blood. A burning fragment of timber had already ignited her costly gown. The doctor stamped the blaze out. There was no pulse. Dr. Cole placed his ear to her throat. The heart had stopped. Death had apparently been instantaneous.

Her fingers were jeweled with costly gems and large diamonds glittered in her eyes.

Dr. Cole lifted the limp form to his shoulders and then climbed up the ladder to the street.

A few minutes later the walls fell, and the spot where the woman's body had been found was buried under tons of brick.

## PARADING POLICEMEN HURRIED TO THE RESCUE.

Policemen Commissioners John T. Sexton and Jacob Hess were riding at the head of the St. Patrick's Day parade when they were informed that the Windsor was on fire. They ordered Inspector Harley, who was in charge of the police arrangements, to take the policemen from the head of the parade and return to the fire. The Commissioners accompanied them, and when they reached Forty-sixth street and Fifth avenue the entire first floor of the hotel was in flames.

The Commissioners and the Inspector rushed through the Fifth avenue entrance. The clerk was still at his desk and Inspector Harley ordered him to get every one out of the hotel. While the Inspector was issuing these orders the two Commissioners started upstairs.

"We only got as far as the second floor," said Commissioner Hess, afterward, "when we discovered that there was no chance to save the building. All of the upper floors were in flames and Commissioner Sexton and myself returned to the street."

Inspector Harley said that when he entered the hotel the fire was apparently in a shaft back of the lobby. When he returned to the street the entire building was in flames.

To CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY. Take Taxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The Genuine is L. B. Q. on each Tablet.



Watching the Fire at Its Fiercest. The crowd on Forty-sixth street waiting for the walls to fall.

## MRS. JOE HOWARD BRAVE IN DANGER.

Sat on the Window Ledge Tapping Her Foot to Calm Her Maid.

CROWDS SAW HER SAVED.

Carried Down a Trembling Ladder and Then Almost Succumbed.

The thrilling rescue of two women from the fourth floor of the burning hotel by Foreman Donahue and Fireman Clark, of Hook and Ladder Company, No. 7, was a dramatic feature of the fire. It happened on the Fifth avenue side of the hotel, near Forty-seventh street, after the sensational rescue on the south side of the burning structure had been accomplished and before the flames had gained headway in the front part of the north end of the building. The women rescued were Mrs. Joseph Howard, Jr., and her negro maid.

When No. 7 arrived Mrs. Howard was seen sitting on the window sill tapping her foot with one of her feet, seemingly as collected as though viewing an opera performance. Back of her, in the room, could be seen the negro maid, making frantic efforts to jump to the street.

An extension ladder was run up from the truck in the middle of the street. It reached the fourth floor, and a look home for the ladder to get to the window. The fire was burning fiercely in the south end of the building, but in the vicinity of Mrs. Howard's room there was not even a sign of flames, while the wind blew away the smoke so that the whole front of the hotel was bathed in sunlight. The water from the hose scattered in spray, forming myriads of rainbows.

Almost as fast as the top of the ladder reached the window, Clark and Donahue followed it. It bent beneath their weight. Mrs. Howard sat in the window, tapping the wall with her foot. The face of the maid almost green with fright, peering over her shoulder. It was like a scene from a play.

Clark assisted Mrs. Howard down the ladder, Donahue remaining above to take care of the struggling maid. Dr. Jacques, of No. 614 Lexington avenue, was near the truck when Mrs. Howard reached the ground. She showed signs of hysterics, now that the danger was over. Dr. Jacques carried her to the residence of Mrs. Seward Webb, No. 682 Fifth avenue, where she speedily recovered and ordered that a telephone message be sent to her husband, who has an office in the Times building, apprising him of her safety.

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## A COOL HEAD SAVED MISS WALDO'S LIFE.

Robert Van Volkenberg Waldo, a type founder at Rose and Duane streets, lived with his wife and daughter, Gertrude, on the sixth floor.

Miss Waldo was walking along the passageway on the second floor on her way down when she was caught in great clouds of smoke. She says she rolled up the stair-ways, and seemed to come from all directions. It all happened in a moment.

She stuffed a handkerchief in her mouth and felt her way along the wall until she reached a stairway. She does not know which one it was. Then taking a firm hold of the rail she jumped down three steps at a time. Half way down she ran against a man who was hurrying toward her. He caught her by the arm and led her out in safety.

Mrs. Waldo was on the third floor at that time. She was rescued by firemen.



MADE THEM SAVE HER PARENTS FIRST.

Miss Wells, of North Dakota, Regardless of Her Own Danger.

In the Gould Mansion.

The temporary hospital in Miss Helen Gould's residence, where Mrs. Amelia Paddock and another woman, who has not been identified, died.

## WOMAN ESCAPES BY A SINGLE ROPE.

Mrs. E. F. Bayley and her daughter Helen occupied rooms on the fourth floor. Their home is in Chicago. They had been stopping at the Windsor for a week. At noon yesterday Helen left her mother and went on a visit to friends in Dobbs Ferry.

Shortly after her daughter left, Mrs. Bayley was seized with a violent headache. She became so ill that she went to bed. When the fire started she was dozing. Smoke coming in through the cracks in the door permeated the room and she awakened.

She opened the door leading to the hall, but the passageway was choked with smoke. Then she climbed to the window and reached the fire escape.

She worked her way down cautiously to the second floor, bruising her elbows and lacerating the palms of her hands. On the second floor there was a rope. It had some one to safety through the clouds of smoke rolling up from beneath her. She grasped the rope and slid for a story and a half. Then she lost her grasp and fell.

But her fall did not seem to have seriously injured her. She faintly and was carried to the corner drug store. Her daughter was telegraphed for and reached her mother's side at Roosevelt Hospital last night.

Mrs. Bayley is the wife of E. F. Bayley, of the law firm of Bayley & Webster, Chicago. She left Chicago a week ago with her daughter.

## CARRIED A WOMAN ON WINDOW LEDGES

Stopped on His Narrow Perch to Untie a Rope from Her Foot.

SHE HAD TIED IT THERE.

It Was the Fire Escape Rope. She Was Brought Down in Safety.

On the Fifth avenue side of the building two firemen, Donahue and Clark, were seen on the top of a lofty ladder. Suddenly Donahue reached out, grasped the sill of the window next to him on the south, dropped his feet to the coping above the third floor window just beneath it and swung himself away from the ladder. Reaching up, he broke the glass in the window with his bare fist; another reach, a long step and he had gained the second window away from the ladder, still standing on the coping above the window on the floor below.

The second window he broke, and then gained the third window, which was open. Drawing himself up, he entered the room. By this time the flames were eating in on all sides. It was only a matter of seconds until the entire front of the building might be a wall of fire.

Donahue appeared in a moment. He was carrying a woman swung across his right arm. She had fainted. Her face was as white as the face of a dead woman, and about her foot she had tied the fire escape rope. Donahue stood poised on the sill, his back to the street. He edged along until he had reached the extreme north side of the window. Reaching in with his right hand he got a good grasp on the window frame. The woman hung over his arm, jammed against the corner of the frame and the window. He reached out with his long left arm until he got his fingers around the smooth corner of the next window north. Clark was in the window first from the ladder by this time, making his way to assist his comrade.

But Donahue did not wait for assistance. He swung his long left leg over to the all

One of the most pathetic incidents of the fire was a deathbed scene in Bellevue Hospital of a devoted mother and a loving and heroic daughter. The mother, Mrs. Nancy A. Kirk, feeble with seventy-six years, and an invalid, was literally carried from the burning hotel by her daughter, Mrs. C. G. Haskin, who bore her burden down the smoke-charged staircases from the fourth floor.

Leaving her mother to the care of two firemen who carried the aged woman to the street, Mrs. Haskin ran back to her apartments to save some valuables. She nearly lost her life, for the flames spread rapidly, and it was with difficulty that she managed to find her way through the halls back to the lower floor. She reached the street, where she sank half dead. Her hair was singed, her clothing scorched and her arms badly burned.

She gasped, "Where is mother? Thank God, I got her out alive!"

The two firemen who had carried Mrs. Kirk to a place of shelter had called an ambulance surgeon to attend to the aged sufferer who for years had suffered from heart disease, had collapsed completely. Mrs. Kirk was being placed in the ambulance. Her mother, still unconscious, was attended by her daughter for years and was devoted to her, dashed across the street. She, too, had had a narrow escape from the doomed hotel.

"That lady is my good mistress," screamed the girl. Then as the driver was about to start she cried, "I'll go to the hospital with her."

Without further ceremony she clambered into the seat beside him.

Race to the Hospital.

"Hurry up! Drive! Drive fast," she begged.

The driver lashed his horse. The maid clung to his arm. Mrs. Haskin followed in a cab. Her mother, still unconscious, was carried at once to a cot in ward 12. Mrs. Haskin, who was suffering intense pain from the burn on her head, was taken to the hospital for treatment until she had seen her mother.

But all the medical skill of the hospital could not save Mrs. Kirk, who ever since was dying, although the surgeons did not tell the daughter so. Hyperdermic injections, in the hope that the aged woman, who might be stimulated were administered, but the smoke and the excitement had done their work.

A few minutes after she died Mrs. Kirk regained consciousness. Her daughter knelt at the bedside and took the mother in her arms. While thus embraced Mrs. Kirk's gaze rested on her daughter's face.

"Do you know me, mother? I am Mary. We are safe, mother. You are getting good again, and you will soon be on your feet again."

The mother passed away with the daughter's arms around her.

An hour elapsed before Mrs. Haskin was sufficiently composed to permit of her burned arms being treated.

Widow of the Soap Magnate.

Mrs. Kirk was the widow of James S. Kirk, founder of the great soap firm of J. S. Kirk & Co. She came East in the Christmas holidays in the company of her mother, Mrs. Mackintosh. They spent the remainder of the winter at Lakewood, N. J., and had intended returning to Chicago early this month, but Mrs. Kirk, at the suggestion of her friends in the East, decided to come to New York to see the historic points in and about the metropolis. They registered at the Windsor Hotel principally because the late James S. Kirk had always spoken highly of the service at the famous hotel.

Not later than three days ago Mrs. Kirk wrote to Milton W. Kirk, one of her sons, saying that she and her daughter were ready to start within two weeks. Preparations were being made to renovate the Kirk residence at Evanston for the reception of the mother.

Mrs. Kirk's maiden name was Miss Nancy Ann Dunning. She was born in Ottawa, Ont., seventy-six years ago. She met James S. Kirk in 1888 at her father's house, and in the following year they were married. Mr. Kirk had been employed in Montreal, but with characteristic business sagacity sought mercantile success in the United States. He went to Union, N. Y., late in 1889 and started in the soap and perfumery manufacturing business under the corporate name of James S. Kirk & Co.

Mrs. Kirk early became identified with church work. She was the mother of seven children, six of whom were boys. All are living except one.

Make Your Liver Lively. A laxative, would free your bowels and in health all the time. Wake it up to lively action with Cassell's Laxative. All druggists, 25c. per box.

Fireman Ford saves an imprisoned woman.

Edward Ford, of truck No. 20, while on the veranda of the burning hotel, heard cries in the basement. He found there Mary Riley, a servant.

She was overcome by smoke and the fireman carried her to the street. She was sent to her home, No. 330 East Thirty-ninth street.



Hero Kennedy.

William J. Kennedy, one of the gallant fire fighters, who coolly periled his life to save others.

## DAUGHTER SAVES HER DYING MOTHER

Mrs. Kirk Is Rescued from the Flames, but Passes Away in a Hospital.

RICH SOAP MAN'S WIDOW.

Mrs. Haskin Actually Carries the Aged Woman Down Four Flights of Stairs.

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## HEROIC WOMEN SAVE AN OLD MAN.

Mrs. MacSloy and Mrs. Lindsay Carry Him Through a Fighting Mob to Safety.

HE IS 87 AND HELPLESS.

They Never Falter, Although Blinded and Nearly Stifled by the Smoke.

A heroic rescue was that accomplished by Mrs. MacSloy and Mrs. J. D. Lindsay, who occupied a suite of rooms on the third floor with a relative, A. Keogh, who is eighty-seven years old and helpless. The women were at a front window looking at the parade when they heard the alarm. Immediately they bethought themselves of the old man, who was asleep in his room, No. 26. They rushed through the smoke, which was already filling the halls, picked him up and carried him to the corridor.

Their difficulties had only commenced. They found themselves in a mob of panic-stricken men and women, all frantically fighting to get to the stairway. To the credit of the men, Mrs. Lindsay says, they were fighting for the advantage of women who were accompanying them and many of them were carrying women who had fainted.

Mrs. MacSloy and Mrs. Lindsay carried their aged relative into the main stairway, which was pushing toward the main stairway. They saw that there was no chance to get their precious burden down through the main office and into safety. Upon the suggestion of Mrs. MacSloy they turned into a side corridor with the intention of making their way to the Forty-seventh street entrance.

They became confused in the maze of corridors and made their way back to the starting point. By this time they could scarcely see, the smoke was so thick, and their subsequent progress is a matter of dazed confusion to them. They wandered on, carrying the helpless old man, and eventually found themselves clear of smoke and in familiar surroundings.

They cannot remember whether they were on the second floor or whether they were on the third floor, but they do remember that they were carrying the old man, who was eighty-seven years old and helpless.

They reached the street, carrying Mr. Keogh, utterly exhausted. Policemen took their burden and carried them to the residence of J. B. Haggin, No. 687 Fifth avenue, where Mr. Keogh was well taken care of. Before the fire was extinguished the two brave women were out in the street, seeking whom they might aid. Mr. Keogh was not injured, but he is suffering from shock.

CLERK HIBBARD TRIED VAINLY TO GET INSIDE.

He Wanted to Save the Money and to Lock the Safes, but Was Driven Back by Smoke.

A. C. Hibbard, head clerk of the Windsor, was seen by a Journal reporter at the Manhattan Hotel yesterday afternoon. Mr. Hibbard, though not injured in any way, was suffering from the shock and suddenness of the catastrophe.

"I was not in the hotel when the fire started," he said, "having gone down to Union square to bank the hotel's deposit. On my return I found the fire had already obtained complete control of the upper floors, but I thought I might get into the office to secure the books. I started through the main entrance, on Fifth avenue, but a policeman warned me that the lobby was too hot to enter. I tried to go to the Forty-sixth street and rushed through the lobby entrance, only to be driven back by smoke."

"Going back to the ladies' parlor I ran through it and came out on the street. I wanted to close the safe doors, for I knew there were many valuable jewels there, besides much money. I tried to push the office door open, but something had fallen against it, and it would not move."

"As I was debating whether to force it open, I heard a crash and saw the ceiling above the news stand come down, and the flames and smoke filled the room. I did not wait, but rushed out. I was ready to cry, and groped my way out the way I had come in. As I left there was some sort of explosion, and I heard much debris come down."

Mr. Hibbard added that the hotel was far from safe and that the owners would not reopen it until the most absolutely necessary repairs. It had but one elevator, its ceilings were low and it had none of the conveniences of a modern hotel. Nothing but its glory of former days, the reputation of its proprietor and its absolute cleanliness kept it open.

When asked whether he was asked whether it was safe to go back, he merely smiled sadly and said: "Well, hardly; there was nothing left but to wait. I saw two office safes and they were so antiquated that I would not touch them." The hotel money, he supposed, had been taken away for safety by the clerks.

## BROOKLYN FIREMAN RESCUES A WOMAN.

Michael J. Haslin, on a Fire Escape, Catches Kate Flannagan as She Leaps from the Roof.

Michael J. Haslin, of Brooklyn Engine Company No. 8, made a thrilling rescue of Kate Flannagan, a servant of the hotel. He had just carried out an unknown woman and passed her down the fire escape when someone called to him that a woman was about to jump from the roof.

Quickly mounting to the top of the fire escape, which was about ten feet below where the woman was, he saw a white cloth about the railing to brace himself. He called to her to jump. Without hesitation the woman made the leap and landed safely in his arms and was carried down the fire escape to the ground without serious injury.

## 12 LITTLE DANCERS GOT OUT IN SAFETY.

With the First Alarm They Flew from the Hotel Parlor to the Street.

When the fire was discovered a dancing class was being conducted by Mrs. Doris Gray Duncan in one of the parlors of the hotel.

Twelve children were in the parlors dancing. All of them escaped without injury, as did also Mrs. Duncan and her daughter, Elizabeth and Isadora.

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